

Josh Hutton
BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

OR, THE
BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS,

A
TOWN ECLOGUE.

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

*Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere, parati!*

VIRGIL.

FOURTH EDITION.

D U B L I N:

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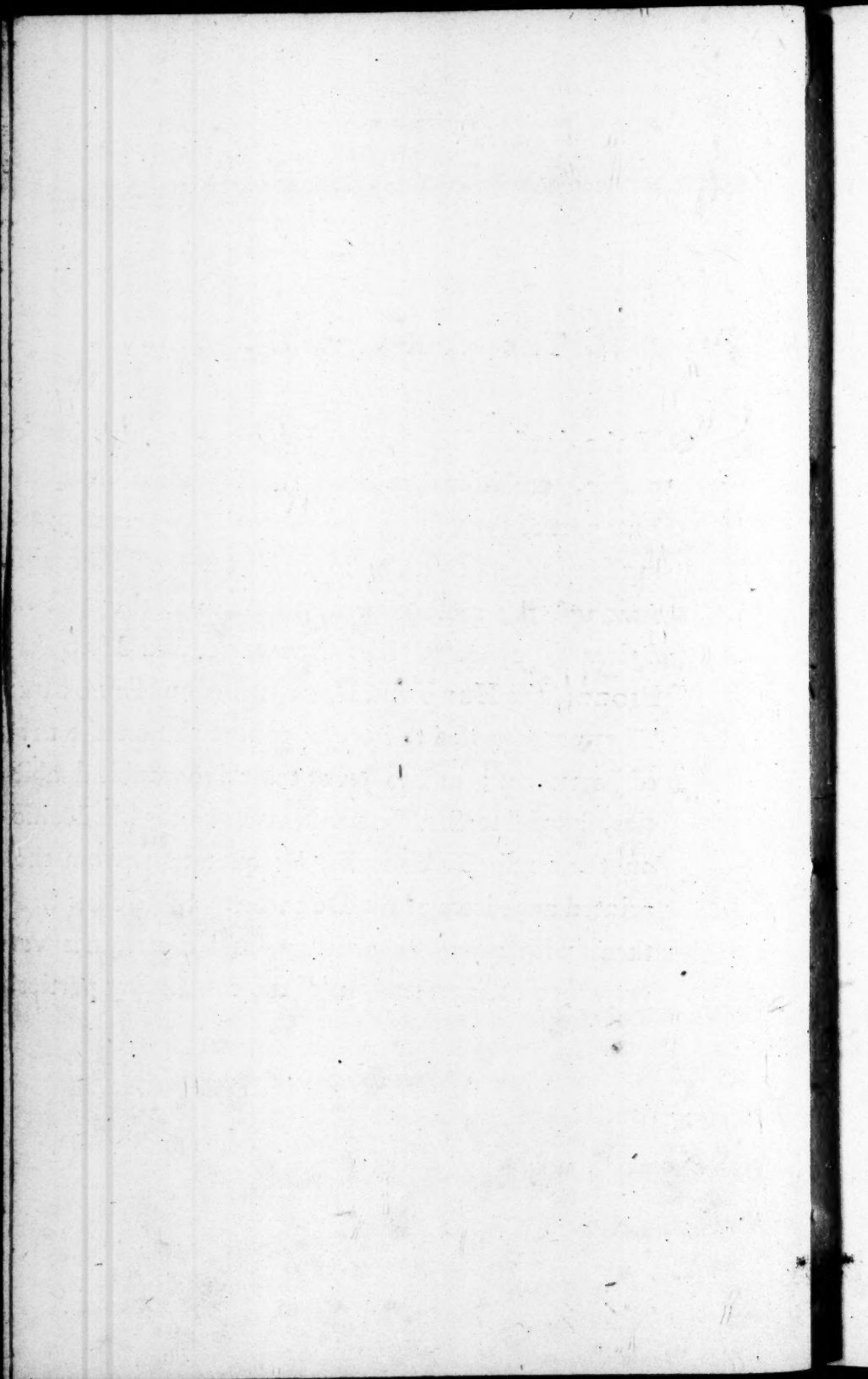
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M,DCC,LXXXVI.



THE ARGUMENT.

ON the death of DOCTOR JOHNSON, a number of people, ambitious of being distinguished from the *mute* part of their species, set about relating and printing Stories and Bon Mots of this celebrated moralist. Amongst the most *zealous*, though not the most *enlightened*, appeared Mr. BOSWELL and MADAM PIOZZI, the HERO and HEROINE of our ECLOGUES. They are supposed to have in contemplation the LIFE of JOHNSON; and to *prove* their biographical abilities, appeal to SIR JOHN HAWKINS for his decision on their respective merits, by quotations from the printed anecdotes of the DOCTOR. SIR JOHN hears them with *uncommon* patience, and determines very *properly* on the pretensions of the contending parties.

* *



BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

A PAIR OF

TOWN ECLOGUES.

WHEN JOHNSON fought (as Shakespeare says) *that*
bourn,

From whence, alas ! no travellers return :
In *bumbler* English, when the DOCTOR died,
APOLLO whimper'd and the MUSES cried ;
PARNASSUS mop'd for days, in business slack,
And like a *herse*, the hill was hung with *black*.

MINERVA

MINERVA fighting for her *fav'rite* son,
 Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face the world *undone* :
 Her OWL too, hooted in so loud a stile,
 That people might have heard the BIRD, *a mile* :
 JOVE wip'd his eyes so red, and told his WIFE
 He ne'er made JOHNSON'S *equal*, in his life ;
 And that 'twould be a *long time* first, if *ever* ,
 His art could form a fellow *half so clever* :
 VENUS, of all the little Loves, the DAM,
 With all the GRACES, sobb'd for BROTHER SAM :
 Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,
 As if DAME NATURE had *resign'd* her *breath*.
 Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween,
 Amidst the natives of our *earthly* scene :
 From beggars, to the GREAT who hold the helm,
 One *Jobnso-mania*, rag'd through all the realm !
 “ *Who*, (cried the world) can match his prose or rhyme ?
 O'er wits of modern days, he tow'rs *sublime* !
 An OAK, wide spreading o'er the *shrubs* below,
 That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow :

A PYRAMID,

A PYRAMID, amidst some barren waste,
 That frowns o'er *but*s the sport of ev'ry blast:
 A mighty ATLAS, whose aspiring head,
 O'er distant regions, casts an awful shade.
 By KINGS and vagabonds, his tales are told,
 And ev'ry sentence glows a *grain of gold*!
Blest! who his philosophic phiz can *take*,
Catch ev'n his *weaknesses*—his NODDLE's *shake*,
 The lengthen'd lip of scorn, the forehead's scowl,
 The low'ring eye's contempt, and bear-like growl.
 In vain, the CRITICS vent their toothless rage!
 Mere *sprats*, that venture, war with WHALES, to wage:
 Unmov'd he stands, and feels their force, *no more*,
 Than some huge rock amidst the *wat'ry* roar,
 That calmly bears the tumults of the DEEP,
 And howling TEMPESTS, that as well, might *sleep*.
Strong, midst the RAMBLER's *cronies*, was the rage
 To fill with SAM's *bon mots*, and tales, the page:
Mere flies, that buzz'd around his setting ray,
 And bore a *splendor*, on their wings, away:

Thus round his ORB, the pigmy PLANETS run,
And catch their little lustre from the SUN.

At length, rush'd forth two CANDIDATES for
fame,

A SCOTCHMAN, *one* ; and *one* a LONDON DAME :

That, by th' *emphatic* JOHNSON, christ'ned BOZZY ;

This, by the BISHOP's Licence, DAME PIOZZI ;

Whose *widow'd* name, by topers, lov'd, was THRALE

Bright in the annals of *election ale* :

A name, by *marriage*, that gave up the *ghost* !

In *poor* PEDOCCHIO, *—no !—PIOZZI, lost !

Each seiz'd with ardor wild, the grey goose quill :

Each sat to work, the *intellectual mill* ;

That *pecks* of *bran* so coarse, began to pour,

To *one small* solitary grain of *flour*.

* The author was nearly committing a blunder—fortunate indeed was his recollection ; as *Pedocchio* signifies in the Italian language, that most contemptible of all animals, a LOUSE.

FORTH

FORTH rush'd to light, their books—but *who* should
say,

WHICH bore the palm of anecdote away?

This, to decide, the RIVAL WITS agreed,

Before SIR JOHN, their tales, and jokes to read,

And let the KNIGHT's opinion in the strife,

Declare the prop'rest pen, to write SAM's LIFE.

SIR JOHN, renown'd for musical * palavers:

The PRINCE, the KING, the EMPEROR of *Qua-*
vers!

Sharp in solfeggi, as the sharpest needle:

Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle.

Of Music's College, form'd to be a FELLOW,

Fit for MUS: D. or MAESTRO DE CAPELLA;

Whose VOLUME, tho' it here and there offends,

Boasts *German merit*—makes by *bulk*, amends.

Superior, frowning o'er *octavo wits*

High plac'd the *venerable* QUARTO fits;

* Vid. his History of Music.

And *duodecimos*, ignoble scum !
 Poor prostitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb !
 Whilst undefil'd by literary rage,
 He bears a *spotless* leaf from age to age.

LIKE *school-boys*, lo ! before a two-arm'd chair
 That held the KNIGHT, wise judging, stood the PAIR :
 Or like two *ponies* on the sporting ground
 Prepar'd to gallop when the DRUM should sound,
 The COUPLE rang'd—for vict'ry, both as keen,
 As for a tott'ring bishoprick, a DEAN,
 Or patriot BURKE, for giving glorious bastings
 To that *intollerable fellow* HASTINGS.
 Thus with their songs, contended VIRGIL'S SWAINS,
 And made the valleys vocal with their strains,
 Before some grey beard SWAIN, whose judgment ripe,
 Gave goats for prizes, to the *prettiest* pipe.

“ *Alternately*, in anecdotes, go on ;
 But *first*, begin you MADAM,” cried SIR JOHN :

The

The thankful DAME, low curtsied to the CHAIR,
And thus, for vict'ry, panting, read, the FAIR.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.*

SAM JOHNSON was of MICHAEL JOHNSON, born ;
Whose shop of books, did LITCHFIELD Town, adorn :
Wrong-headed, stubborn as a *halter'd* RAM ;
In short, the *model* of our HERO SAM :
Inclin'd to *madness too*—for when his shop
Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop ;
For fear the thieves might steal the *vanish'd* store,
He duly went each night, and *lock'd the door !*

B O Z Z Y.†

WHILST JOHNSON was in Edinburgh, my WIFE,
To please his palate, studied for her life :

* Vid. Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 3.

† Bozzy's Tour, page 38.

With ev'ry rarity she fill'd her house,
And gave the DOCTOR, for his dinner, *grouse*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.*

DEAR DOCTOR JOHNSON was in size an ox;
And from his UNCLE ANDREW, learn'd to *box*;
A MAN, to wrestlers, and to bruisers, dear,
Who kept the ring in SMITHFIELD a *whole* year.

B O Z Z Y.†

AT supper, rose a dialogue on witches,
When CROSBIE said, there could not be such b-tch-s;
And that 'twas *blasphemy* to think *such* HAGS
Could stir up storms, and on their *broomstick* NAGS
Gallop along the air with wondrous pace,
And boldly fly in GOD ALMIGHTY's face:

* Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 5.

† P. 39.

But JOHNSON answer'd him, " there *might be* witches,
Nought prov'd the non-existence of the b-tch-s."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.*

WHEN THRALE as nimble as a boy at school,
 Jump'd, tho' fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a *fool*;
 The DOCTOR, proud the same grand feat, to *do*;
 His pow'rs, exerted, and jump'd over too.
 And tho' he might a broken back bewail;
 He scorn'd to be *eclips'd* by Mr. THRALE.

B O Z Z Y.†

AT ULINISH, our friend to pass the time,
 Regal'd us with his knowledges *sublime* :
 Show'd that all forts of learning, fill'd his NOB ;
 And that in *butchery* he could bear a Bob.
 He *sagely* told us of the diff'rent feat
 Employ'd to kill the animals we eat :

* Page 6.

† Page 300.

An ox, says he, in country and in town,
 Is, by the butchers, constantly, *knock'd down* :
 As for that lesser animal, a calf,
 The knock is really not so strong *by half* :
 The beast is only *stunn'd* : but as for goats,
 And sheep, and lambs; the butchers *cut their throats*.
 Those fellows only want to keep them *quiet* ;
 Not chusing that the brutes should breed a *riot*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I . *

WHEN JOHNSON was a child, and swallow'd pap,
 'Twas in his mother's old maid CATHARINE's lap :
 There, whilst he sat, he took in wond'rous learning,
 For much his bowels were for knowledge *yearning*.
 There, heard the story, which we BRITONS brag on,
 The story of ST. GEORGE and *eke* the DRAGON.

* Page 15.

BOZZY.

B O Z Z Y.*

WHEN FOOTE, his leg, by some misfortune, broke ;
 Says *I* to JOHNSON, all by way of joke,
 “ SAM, Sir, in PARAGRAPH, will soon be clever,
 And take off PETER, better now, than ever.”
 On, which, says JOHNSON, without *hesitation*,
 GEORGE † will rejoice at Foote’s *depeditation*.”
 On which, says *I*, a *penetrating elf* !
 “ DOCTOR, I’m sure, you *coin’d* that word, *yourself*.”
 On which he *laugh’d* ; and said I had *divin’d* it,
 For *bona fide*, he had *really coin’d* it.
 And yet, of all the words I’ve *coin’d*, (says he)
 My DICTIONARY, Sir, contains but *three*.”

* Page 141.

† George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote under the character of PETER PARAGRAPH.

MADAME PIOZZI.

THE DOCTOR said, in literary matters,
 A Frenchman goes not *deef*—he only *smatters* :
 Then ask'd, what could be hop'd for from the dogs :
 Fellows that liv'd eternally on *frogs*.

B O Z Z Y.*

IN grave procession to St. Lennard's College,
 Well stuff'd with ev'ry sort of useful knowledge,
 We, *flatly* walk'd as soon as supper ended :
 The LANDLORD and the WAITER both attended :
 The LANDLORD skill'd a piece of grease to handle,
 Before us, march'd, and held a tallow candle :
 A lantern, (some fam'd Scotsman its creator)
 With *equal grace*, was carried by the WAITER :
 Next morning, from our beds, we took a leap ;
 And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

* Page 55.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

IN Lincolnshire, a lady shew'd our friend,
 A grotto, that she wish'd him to *commend*:
 Quoth she, "How *cool* in summer this abode!"
 "Yes Madam (answer'd JOHNSON) for a *toad*."

B O Z Z Y.†

BETWEEN old Scalpa's rugged isle and Rasay's,
 The wind was vastly boist'rous in our faces:
 'Twas *glorious*, JOHNSON's figure to set sight on—
 High in the boat, he look'd a noble TRITON!
 But lo! to damp our pleasure, Fate concurs,
 For Jo. the blockhead lost his master's spurs:
 This, for the RAMBLER's temper, was a *rubber*,
 Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

* Page 203.

† Page 185.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

I ASK'D him, if he knock'd TOM OSBORN † down;
 As such a tale was current through the town—
 Says I, “ Do tell me DOCTOR what befell,”
 “ Why, dearest lady, there is nought to *tell*:
 I ponder'd on the *prop'rest* mode to *treat* him—
 The *dog* was *impudent*, and so I *beat* him!
 TOM like a fool, *proclaim'd* his fancied wrongs;
 Others that I *belaboured*, held their tongues.”

DID any one that he was *happy*, cry—
 JOHNSON would tell him *plumply*, 'twas a lie:
 A LADY ‡ told him she was *really so*:
 On which, he sternly answer'd, “ MADAM, *no*!
 Sickly you are, and ugly—foolish, poor;
 And therefore can't be *happy*, I am sure.
 'Twould make a fellow hang himself whose ear,
 Were, from *such creatures*, forc'd, such stuff to hear.”

* Page 232. † Bookseller. ‡ Page 285.

B O Z Z Y.*

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of MULL,
 The *megrims* got into the DOCTOR's scull:
 With such bad humours, he began to fill,
 I thought he would not go to ICOLMKILL:
 But lo! those megrims (wonderful to utter!)
 Were banish'd all by tea and bread and butter!

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I. †

THE DOCTOR had a CAT and christ'ned HODGE,
 That at his house in Fleet Street us'd to lodge—
 This HODGE grew old, and sick, and us'd to wish
 That all his dinners were compos'd of *fish*.
 To please poor HODGE, the DOCTOR all so kind,
 Went out, and bought him *cysters to his mind*.
 This every day he did—nor ask'd black FRANK, ‡
 Who deem'd himself of much too high a rank,

* P. 386.

† P. 257.

‡ Dr. Johnson's servant.

With *vulgar fish-fags*, to be forc'd to chat,
And purchase oysters, for a *mangy* CAT.

SIR JOHN.

FOR God's sake stay each anecdotic scrap:
Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap:
With one half hour's refreshing slumber, blest,
And Heav'n's assistance, I may hear the *rest*.

Aside.]—What I have done, inform me gracious
Lord;

That thus my ears, with nonsense, should be bor'd?
Oh! if I do not in the trial die,
The Dev'l and all his brimstone, I defie:
No punishment in other worlds, I fear:
My crimes will all be expiated *here*.
Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore,
When rais'd to *consequence*, that all adore;
I sat, each session, king-like in the chair;
Aw'd ev'ry rank, and made the million stare:

Lord

Lord Paramount o'er ev'ry JUSTICE, riding :
 In causes, with a Turkish sway, deciding !
 Yes ! like a noble BASHAW of *three tails*,
 I spread a *fear* and *trembling* through the jails !
 Blest, have I brow-beaten each thief, and strumpet,
 And *blasphemed* on them, like the LAST DAY's trumpet.
 I know no paltry weakness of the soul—
 No sniv'ling pity, dares, my deeds, controul—
 Asham'd, the *weakness* of my KING, I hear ;
 Who childish, drops on ev'ry *death*, * a tear.
 Return, † return again, thou glorious hour,
 That to my grasp, once gav'st my idol, POW'R ;
 When at my feet, the humbled knaves would fall ;
 The THUND'RING JUPITER of HICKS'S HALL.

* Such is the report concerning his MAJESTY, when he
 signs the warrants for execution :—How unlike the GREAT
 FREDERICK of Prussia, who *delights* in a *hanging*.

† Sir John wishes in vain—His hour of insolence returns
 no more.

THE KNIGHT, thus finishing his speech so *fair*;
 SLEEP pull'd him gently backwards, in his chair:
 Op'd wide the mouth, that oft on jail-birds, *swore*,
 Then rais'd his nasal ORGAN to a roar,
 That actually surpass'd in *tone*, and *grace*,
 The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite BASE *.

* The violoncello, on which the Knight is a performer.

E C L O G U E.

P A R T II.

NOW from his sleep, the KNIGHT, affrighted sprung,
Whilst on his ear, the words of JOHNSON rung :
For lo! in dreams, the surly RAMBLER rose,
And wildly staring, seem'd a *man of woes*.
Wake HAWKINS (growl'd the DOCTOR with a frown)
And knock *that* fellow, and *that* woman down—
Bid them with JOHNSON's Life, proceed no further—
Enough already they have dealt in murder :
Say, to their tales, that little truth belongs—
If *fame*, they mean me—bid them *hold their tongues*.

IN vain at glory, gudgeon BOSWELL snaps—
His MIND, a *paper-kite*—compos'd of scraps ;

Just o'er the tops of *chimneys*, form'd to fly :
 Not with a *wing sublime*, to *mount* the *sky*.
 Say to the dog, his head's a downright *drum*,
 Unequal to the Hist'ry of TOM THUMB :
 Nay—tell, of *anecdote*, that thirsty *leach*,
 He is not equal to a *Tyburn Speech*. *

For that PIOZZI's wife, let me exhort her
 To *draw* her *immortality*, from *porter* :
 Give up her *anecdotal* inditing,
 And study *housewifery* instead of *writing* :
 Bid her, a poor *biography*, suspend ;
 Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.
 I know no business, women have with *learning* :
 I scorn, I hate, the mole-eyed, *half* DISCERNING :
 Their wit, but serves a husband's heart, to *rack* ;
 And make eternal horsewhips for his back.

Tell PETER PINDAR, should you chance to meet him,
 I like his GENIUS—should be glad to greet him—

* Composed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different historians.

Yet

Yet let him know, CROWN'D HEADS are sacred things,
 And bid him rev'rence more, the BEST OF KINGS ; *
 Still, on his PEGASUS, continue *jogging*,
 And give that BOSWELL's back another flogging.

Such, was the dream that wak'd the sleepy KNIGHT ;
 And op'd again his eyes upon the light—
 Who mindless of old JOHNSON and his frown,
 And stern commands to *knock the couple down* ;
 Resolv'd to *keep the peace*—and in a tone
 Not much unlike a mastiff o'er a bone ;

* This is a *strange* and almost *incredible* speech from *Johnson's* mouth, as not many years ago, when the *age* of a *certain* GREAT PERSONAGE became the subject of debate, the Doctor broke in upon the conversation with the following question :
 “ Of what importance to the present company, is his *age* ?—
 Of what importance would it have been to the world if he had never existed ? ” If we may judge likewise from the *following speech*, he deemed the *present* POSSESSOR of a *certain* THRONE as much a USURPER as KING WILLIAM, whom, according to Mr. BOSWELL's account, he *bescoundrels*. The story is this—an acquaintance of JOHNSON, asked him if he could not *sing*. He replied, “ I know but *one* song ; and *that* is, “ The KING shall enjoy his *own* again.”

He *grumbled*, that enabled by the nap,
He now could meet *more* biographic scrap:
Then nodding with a *magistrat*ial air,
To further anecdote, he call'd the FAIR.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.*

DEAR DOCTOR JOHNSON lov'd a leg of pork;
And hearty on it, would his grinders work:
He lik'd to eat it so much *over-done*,
That *one* might *shake* the flesh from off the bone.
A veal-pye too with sugar, cramm'd, and plums,
Was wond'rous grateful to the Doctor's gums.
Though us'd, from morn to night, on fruit, to *stuff*;
He vow'd his belly never had *enough*.

B O Z Z Y.†

ONE Thursday morn, did DOCTOR JOHNSON wake,
And call out "Lanky, Lanky," by *mistake*—
But recollecting—"Bozzy, Bozzy," cried—
For in *contractions*, JOHNSON took a *pride*!

* Page 8.

† Page 384.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

WHENE'ER our friend would read in bed, by night,
 Poor Mr. THRALE and I were in a *fright*;
 For blinking on his book too near the flame,
 Lo! to the fore-top of his wig, it came!
 Burnt all the hairs away, both *great* and *small*,
 Down to the very *net-work*, nam'd the *caul*.

BOZZY.†

AT Corrachatachin's, in *boggism* funk,
 I got with punch, alas! confounded *drunk*:
 Much was I vex'd, that I could not be quiet,
 But like a stupid blockhead, bred a riot.
 I scarcely knew how 'twas I reel'd to bed—
 Next morn, I wak'd with dreadful pains of head:
 And terrors too, that of my peace, did *rob me*—
 For *much* I fear'd, the MORALIST would *mob me*.
 But as I lay along, a heavy log,
 'The DOCTOR ent'ring, call'd me *drunken dog*.

* Page 237.

† Page 317.

'Then up rose I, with apostolic air,
 And read in dame M'Kinnon's book of pray'r;
 In hopes for such a sin, to be forgiv'n—
 And make if *possible* my peace with heav'n.
 'Twas *strange*, that in *that* volume of divinity,
 I op'd the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,
 And read these words:—"Pray be not drunk with wine,
 Since drunkenness doth make a man a *swine*."
 "Alas!" says I, "the finner that I am!"
 And having made my speech, I took a *dram*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.*

ONE day, with spirits low, and sorrow fill'd,
 I told him I had got a *cousin kill'd*:
 My dear, quoth he, for heav'n's sake hold your *canting*;
Were all your cousins kill'd, they'd not be *wanting*:
 Though *Death* on each of them should set his *mark*,
 Though ev'ry one were spitted like a lark—
 Roasted, and giv'n that dog there, for a meal;
 The *loss* of them, the world would never feel—

Trust me, dear madam, all your *dear relations*,
Are *nits*—are *nothings* in the eye of NATIONS.

AGAIN,* says I one day—" I do believe,
A good acquaintance that I have, will grieve
To hear her FRIEND hath lost a *large estate*."—
" Yes" (answer'd he) " lament *as much*, *her fate*,
As did your *horse*, (I freely will allow)
To hear of the *miscarriage* of your cow."

B O Z Z Y.†

AT Enoch at M^cQueen's, we went to bed ;
A colour'd handkerchief wrap'd JOHNSON's head :
He said, " God blefs us *both*—good night"—and then,
I like a *parish clerk*, pronounc'd, *Amen*!
My good companion *soon* by sleep, was seiz'd—
But I, by lice and fleas, was sadly teaz'd :
Methought, a spider with *terrific* claws,
Was striding from the wainscot, to my jaws :

* Page 89.

† Page 153.

But slumber soon did ev'ry sense entrap;
And so I sunk into the *sweetest nap*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.*

TRAV'LING in Wales, at dinner-time we *got on*,
Where at LEWENY, lives SIR ROBERT COTTON.
At table, our great MORALIST, to please—
Says I, “Dear Doctor, arn't those charming peas?”
Quoth he, to *contradict*, and *run his rig*:
“MADAM, they possibly might please a *PIG*.”

B O Z Z Y.†

OF *thatching*, well the DOCTOR knew the art,
And with his *threshing wisdom*, made us start.
Describ'd the greatest secrets of the Mint—
And made folks fancy that he had been *in't*.
Of hops and malt, 'tis wond'rous what he knew;
And well as any BREWER, he could *brew*.

* Page 70.

† Page 324.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

IN *ghosts*, the DOCTOR, strongly did believe;
 And pinn'd his faith on many a lyar's sleeve:
 He said to DOCTOR LAWRENCE, "sure I am,
 I heard my poor dear mother call out "SAM."
 "I'm sure (said he) that I can trust my ears:
 And yet my mother had been dead for years."

B O Z Z Y.†

WHEN *young*, ('twas rather silly I allow)
Much was I pleas'd to imitate a cow.
 One time, at Drury-Lane with DOCTOR BLAIR,
 My imitations made the playhouse *flare!*
 So very charming was I, in my *roar*;
 That both the galleries *clapp'd*, and cried *encore*.
 Blest by the general plaudit, and the laugh—
 I tried to be a JACKASS, and a CALF:

* Page 192.

† Page 499.

But who, alas! in *all things* can be *great*?

In short, I met a *terrible* defeat:

So vile, I bray'd, and bellow'd, I was *bifs'd*—

Yet all who *knew* me, *wonder'd* that I *mifs'd*.

BLAIR whisper'd me, “ You’ve lost your *credit*, *now*.

Stick, BOSWELL, for the future, to your cow.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I. *

FOR *me*, in Latin, DOCTOR JOHNSON wrote

Two lines upon SIR JOSEPH BANKS’s goat:

A GOAT! that round the world, so *curious*, went—

A GOAT! that now eats grass, that grows in KENT!

B O Z Z Y. †

TO LORD MONBODDO, a few lines I wrote,

And by the servant Joseph, sent this note—

“ Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh my home,
With Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, I am come—

* Page 70.

† Page 72.

This night, by us, must *certainly* be seen,
 The very handsome town of ABERDEEN.
 For *thoughts* of JOHNSON, you'll be not applied to—
 I know your Lordship likes him *less* than *I do*.
 So near we are—to part, I can't tell how,
 Without so much as making you a BOW:
 Besides, the RAMBLER says, “ to see MONBODD,
 He'd wander *two whole miles* out of the road.”
 Which shows that HE *admires* (whoever rails)
 The pen which proves, that men are born with *tails*:
 Hoping that as to health your LORDSHIP does well,
 I am your servant at command,

JAMES BOSWELL.”

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I. *

ON Mr. THRALE's old HUNTER JOHNSON rode—
 Who with prodigious pride, the beast bestrode;
 And as on BRIGHTEN DOWNS, he *dash'd away*,
 Much was he pleas'd to hear a sportsman say,

* Page 207.

That at a *chace*, he was as *tight a band*,
As e'er an ill-bred *lubber* in the land.

B O Z Z Y.*

ONE morning JOHNSON, on the Isle of MULL,
Was of his politics excessive full.
Quoth he, " that PULTNEY was a *rogue*, 'tis plain—
Besides, the fellow, was a *Whig in grain*."
Then to his *principles*, he gave a banging,
And swore no WHIG, was ever worth a *banging*.
" 'Tis wonderful (says he) and makes one stare
To think the LIVERY chose JOHN WILKES, LORD
MAYOR :
A dog, of whom the world could nurse no hopes—
Prompt to debauch their girls, and rob their shops."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

SIR, I believe that anecdote, a lie ;
But grant that JOHNSON said it—*by the by*,

As WILKES unhappily your *friendship* shar'd,
The dirty anecdote might well be spar'd.

B O Z Z Y.

MADAM, I stick to truth as much as *you*,
And dammee if the story be not *true*.
What you have said of JOHNSON and the *larks*,
As much, the RAMBLER, for a *savage*, marks.
'Twas scandalous, ev'n CANDOUR must allow,
To give the hist'ry of the *horse* and *cow*.
What but an *enemy*, to JOHNSON's fame
Dar'd, his vile prank at LITCHFIELD PLAYHOUSE,
name?
Where, without ceremony, he thought fit
To fling the MAN and CHAIR into the PIT?
Who would have register'd a speech so odd,
On the dead STAY-MAKER *, and DOCTOR DODD?

* Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 51, first edition.

MADAME PIOZZI.

SAM JOHNSON's *threshing* knowledge and his *thatch-*
ing,

May be your own *inimitable* *hatching*.—

Pray, of his wisdom can't you tell *more* news?

Could not he *make a shirt*, and *cobble shoes*?

Knit stockings, or ingenious, take up *stitches*.—

Draw teeth, dress wigs, or make a *pair of breeches*?

You prate too of his knowledge of the MINT,

As if the RAMBLER really had been in't—

Who knows, but you will tell us, (truth forsaking)

That each *bad shilling* is of JOHNSON's *making* :

His, each *vile sixpence* that the world hath cheated—

And *his* the *art*, that ev'ry guinea *sweated*.

About his *brewing knowledge* you will prate too ;

Who scarcely knew a *hop*, from a *potatoe*.

And tho' of *beer*, he joy'd in hearty swigs,

And pit against his taste, my husband's *pigs*.

BOZZY.

B O Z Z Y.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth,
That miserable story of the youth
Who in your book, of DOCTOR JOHNSON, begs
Most seriously, to know if CATS *laid eggs*?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Who, told of Mrs. Montague, the lie—
So palpable a fallhood—Bozzy, *fie*!

B O Z Z Y.

Who, mad'ning with an anecdotic itch,
Declar'd that JOHNSON call'd his mother b-tch?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Who, from M'Donald's rage, to save his snout,
Cut twenty lines of defamation, out?

BOZZY.

B O Z Z Y.

Who, would have said a word about SAM's *wig*;
Or told the story of the *peas* and *pig*?
Who would have told a tale, so *very* flat,
Of FRANK the BLACK; and HODGE, the mangy CAT?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

EcOD! your grown at once, confounded *tender*—
Of DOCTOR JOHNSON's fame, a *fierce* defender.
I'm sure you've mention'd many a pretty story
Not much redounding to the DOCTOR's glory.
Now, for a *saint*, upon us, you would palm him—
First *murther* the poor man, and then *embalm* him!

B O Z Z Y.

AND truly, Madam, JOHNSON cannot *boast*—
By your acquaintance, he hath *rather*, *lost*.
His character so shockingly you handle—
You've sunk your COMET to a FARTHING CANDLE.

Your

Your vanities contriv'd the SAGE, to hitch in;
 And brib'd him with the *run* of all your kitchen:
 Yet nought, he *better'd* by his elevation—
 Though, *beef*, he won—he lost his *reputation*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

One quarter of your book, had JOHNSON read,
 Fift-Criticism had rattled round your head.
 Yet let my satire not *too far* pursue—
 It boasts *some merit*, give the *Dev'l his due*.
 Where GROCERS and where PASTRY-COOKS reside,
 Thy book with triumph, may indulge its pride:
 Preach to the *patty-pans*, sententious stuff—
 And hug that idol of the nose, call'd *snuff*;
 With all its stories, *cloves* and *ginger*, please,
 And pour its *wonders* to a pound of *cheese*!

B O Z Z Y.

MADAM, your irony is *wond'rous fine*!
Sense in each thought, and *wit* in ev'ry line.

Yet MADAM, when the *leaves* of my poor book,
Visit the GROCER, or the PASTRY-COOK,
Yours, to enjoy of Fame the *just* reward,
May aid the TRUNK-MAKER of PAUL'S CHURCH-
YARD.

In the same ALEHOUSES, together us'd,
By the *same* fingers, they may be *amus'd* :
The greasy *snuffers*, yours, perchance, may *wipe*,
And *mine*, high honour'd, light a TOPER's pipe.
The praise of COURTNEY,* my book's fame, secures :
Now, who the devil, Madam, praises *yours* ?

MADAME PIOZZI.

THOUSANDS, you blockhead—no one now can doubt
it,

For not a soul in London is *without it*.

* The lively RATTLE of the House of Commons—indeed, its MOMUS ; who seems to have been selected by his constituents, more for the purposes of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his country than *healing the wounds*. He is the author of a poem lately published, that endeavours *totis viribus* to prove that DOCTOR JOHNSON was a *brute* as well as a *moralist*!

The

The folks were ready, CADDEL to devour,
 Who fold the first edition in an hour :—
 So !—COURTNEY's praises save you—ah !—that squire
 Deals, let me tell you, more in smoke than fire.

B O Z Z Y.

ZOUNDS ! he has prais'd me in the *sweetest* line—

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

AY ! ay ! the *verse* and *subject*, *equal* shine,
 Few are the mouths that COURTNEY's wit, rehearse—
Mere cork in politics, and *lead* in verse.

B O Z Z Y.

WELL, MA'AM ! since all that JOHNSON *said* or *wrote*,
 You hold so *sacred*—how have you *forgot*
 To grant the *wonder-bunting* world, a reading
 Of SAM's *Epistle*, just before your *wedding* ;
 Beginning thus, (in strains not form'd to flatter)

“MADAM,

*If that most ignominious matter,
Be not concluded,”*

further, shall I say?

No—your *kind self* may give it us, one day—
And *justify* your passion for the *youth*;
With all the charms of *eloquence* and *truth*.

MADAME PIOZZI.

WHAT was my marriage, Sir, to you, or *him*?
He tell me what to do!—a pretty whim!
He, to *propriety*, (the beast!) *exhort*!
As well might *elephants* *preside* at court.
Lord! let the world, to *damn* my match, *agree*—
Tell me, JAMES BOSWELL, what's *that world* to me?
The *folks* who paid respects to *Mrs. Thrale*;
Fed on her pork, *poor souls*! and *swill'd* her ale,
May *sicken* at *Piozzi*, nine in ten—
Turn up the *nose* of *scorn*—good God! what then?
For *me*—the *Dév'l* may fetch their souls so *great*—
They keep their *company*—and *I* my *meat*.

When

When *they, poor owls!* shall beat their cage, a jail—
 I, *unconfin'd*, shall spread my *peacock tail*:
 Free as the birds of air, enjoy my ease;
 Choose my own food, and see what climes, I please.
 I suffer only—if I'm in the wrong—
 So, now, you *prattling puppy*, hold your tongue.

SIR JOHN.

FOR shame! for shame! for Heaven's sake pray be
 quiet—

Not BILLINGSGATE exhibits such a riot.
 Behold, for SCANDAL, you have made a *feast*,
 And turn'd your *idol*, JOHNSON, to a *beast*:
 'Tis plain that *tales of ghosts*, are *arrant lies*,
 Or *instantaneously*, would JOHNSON's rise:
 Make you both eat your paragraphs so *evil*—
 And for your treatment of him, *play the devil*.
 Just like *two Mohawks* on the man you fall—
 No *murd'rer*, is worse serv'd at SURGEON'S-HALL.

Instead

Instead of adding *splendor* to his name,
 Your books are downright *gibbets* to his fame.
 Of those, your anecdotes—may I be *curst*.
 If I can tell you, *which* of them, is *worst*.
 You never, with *posterity* can *thrive*—
 'Tis by the *Rambler's* death alone, you live—
 Like *wrens*, (that in some volume, I have read)
 Hatch'd by strange fortune, in a HORSE'S HEAD.
 Poor SAM was rather *fainting* in his *glory*—
 But lo! his fame, lies *foully dead* before ye.
 Thus, to some dying man, (a frequent case)
 Two doctors come, and give the *coup de grace*.
 Zounds! Madam, mind the duties of a *wife*,
 And dream no more, of DOCTOR JOHNSON'S *life*,
 A happy knowledge in a *pye* or *pudding*,
 Will more delight your friends, than all your *studying*.
 One cut from *ven'son*, to the heart can speak
 Stronger than *ten quotations* from the *Greek*:
 One fat SIR LOIN possesses more *sublime*
 Than all the airy castles built by RHIME.

One nipperkin of flingo with a toast,
 Beats all the streams the Muses FOUNT can boast,
 Yes! in *one* pint of porter, lo! my belly can
 Find blisses, not in all the floods of Helicon.
 Enough those anecdotes your *pow'rs* have shown:
 SAM's Life, dear Ma'am, will only *damn your own*.

For *thee*, JAMES BOSWELL, may the hand of FATE
 Arrest thy goose-quill, and confine thy prate:
 Thy egotisms, the world, *disgusted* hears—
 Then load with vanities, no more our ears
 Like some lone Puppy yelping all night long;
 That tires the *very echoes* with his tongue.
 Yet should it lie beyond the pow'rs of FATE,
 To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate;
 Oh! be in solitude to live thy luck:
 A *chattering* MAGPIE on the ISLE OF MUCK.

Thus spoke the JUDGE, then leaping from the chair;
 He left, in consternation, lost, the PAIR:

Black FRANK,* he fought, on anecdote to cram,
 And vomit *first*, † a LIFE of surly SAM.
 Shock'd at the little manners of the KNIGHT,
 The RIVALS marv'ling mark'd his sudden flight;
 Then to their pens, and paper, rush'd the TWAIN
 To kill the *mangled* RAMBLER, o'er again.

* DOCTOR JOHNSON's Negro servant.

† The KNIGHT's volume is reported to be in great forwardness, and likely to *distance* his formidable competitors.

F I N I S.



N. B. The Quotations from Mr. Boswell, are made from the Second Edition of his Journal.—Those from Mrs. Piozzi, from the First Edition of her Anecdotes.